

future by SchneeGheist

Category: Danny Phantom

Genre: Angst, Drabble, Gen, Hurt No Comfort, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, literally just the dialouge from Jack Stauber's 'future' video recontextualized as dp, y'know. for funsies :)

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2024-10-14

Updated: 2024-10-14

Packaged: 2024-11-05 08:09:29

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 365

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Story URL: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/59732545>

Author URL: <https://archiveofourown.org/users/SchneeGheist/pseuds/SchneeGheist>

Summary:

Maddie answers a telephone.

The thing behind it claims to be her son.

Comments: 1

Kudos: 19

future

The telephone rings, in the lonesome dark of the house.

A worn figure approaches through the black, and answers.

“Hello?” She starts.

“Mom?” A deep, gruff voice resounds from within, glitchy and nearly incoherent.

She responds. “Hello?” A shrill laugh, strained, “I can’t understand what you’re saying. Hello?”

“Mom, it’s, its me. It’s..”

The wet voice sounds wet, remorseful, relieved.

“It’s your son. Danny.”

She grips the phone tighter. “What are you talking about? He’s in his room, wh-who is this?”

It sounds panicked, hurried now. “Mom, Mom I’m on a phone from the future.”

“W-What?”

“I-”

It cuts out.

“I just wanted-”

Once more.

“I just wanted to talk to you.” It sounds painful, the voice box straining against emotion.

Logical thinking, she decides. “Danny, what color’s your eyes?”

A pause from the other end, not glitched.

“Wh-. Uh, it used to be cyan?-"

Maddie doesn't wait to shove the telephone back onto its pedestal. Harshly.

A loud exhale. She walks back upstairs, towards her bedroom. She pauses at Danny's.

The door creaks open slightly. Her son sits there, wide awake in his bed, eyes trained on the stars outside.

He notices her entrance. Stiffens. His eyes switch to watching her own.

“Hey Mom. Who was on the phone?”

She swallows. Looks away. “Oh nobody, Danny. It was a wrong number.”

He goes back to looking at the window.

She-

She shouldn't ask this.

It makes no sense.

Nonetheless, she speaks up. “Danny, what color’s your eyes?”

It comes out of her mouth quickly, concise. It is returned in kind.

“My eyes are cyan, Mom.”

Time pauses.

The stars are gone.

She rushes up to her son, looking down at him in his bed. He stares up with his daunting eyes. Too wide. Too thin. Too much.

“Your eyes are *blue*, Danny!”

Her shouts are angry, focused on the small child before her. His eyes begin to wet, he curls in, inching away in the starry bed. She

approaches further.

“They’re *blue!*”

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A gruesome beast lies in a world. Holding the remnants of a telephone in shaking claws, glass shards of a booth scattering past.

He laughs, tragic and bittersweet and *euphoric* and *manic*.